THE NATION

SEPTEMBER 12, 1959 . . 25c

CAN KHRUSHCHEV SWING THE '60 ELECTION?

Frederic W. Collins

VISIT WITH PASTERNAK

Ralph E. Matlaw

RAILROAD LABOR CRISIS

Dialogue on Featherbedding

John Barden

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LETTERS

Frost's 'Dark Side'

Dear Sirs: May I say a good word for M. L. Rosenthal's article on Robert Frost's 85th anniversary dinner ["The Robert Frost Controversy," issue of June 20]. Mr. Rosenthal is perfectly right in saying that Frost has a dark side and that Mr. Trilling had a right to emphasize it. (I once introduced Frost to an audience at Derry, New Hampshire, . . . and I dwelt somewhat on that aspect of him — that "dwelling in darkness, so it seems to me, not of woods only or the shade of trees" — and found later that Frost didn't like it. In fact, he told me so the next day.)

I was at the Frost dinner and I am sure that the audience felt that this was no time to dwell upon the "minority report" phase of Frost's work. This is not what America loves him for. . . . Mr. Rosenthal is right, however, in saying that the dark side is there.

WILBERT SNOW

Spruce Head, Me.

An Expert's Judgment

Dear Sirs: David Cort's piece, "Cigarettes, Cancer and the Campus," in the August 15 issue of *The Nation*, is one of the very few honest, well-informed articles I have seen on this important health problem. We need many more!

MICHAEL B. SHIMKIN, M.D.
Chief, Biometry Branch
National Cancer Institute

Bethesda, Md.

Shattering the Crystal

Dear Sirs: "Life in the Crystal Palace" (*The Nation*, January 11, 1958) troubled me in ways I could not analyze. But "The Crystal Palace Forsaken" (*The Nation*, August 29) helps reveal what may be a confusion over just what is wrong with the royal policies there. I got at the difficulty this way: Harrington rightly despised Palace life for removing all insecurities, or trying to. We need insecurities as incentives and get no sense of progress without hard-to-get goals.

Yet material incentives weaken fast as societies develop affluence. And it is an ugly culture in which we slave for more and more money. That the Crystal Palace should recognize that it can afford to supply material security is not its sin. Its sin lies in failing to offer such other goals as are within its power to bestow. For example, it could offer to the most deserving promotion all the way to the throne. That would be its most dramatic goal, but by no means the one most conducive to the growth of personalities and influence.

Let the Palace ponder what Judge Hand had in mind when he wrote: "A great people does not go to its leaders for incantations and liturgies by which it may propitiate fate or cajole victory; it goes to them to peer into the recesses of its own soul, to lay bare its deepest desires. . . ."

FRANCIS Y. GOODELL

Yarmouth Port, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I thought the article, "The Crystal Palace Forsaken," a little silly. There are many people with greater or lesser ability who would like a job free of tension and with good working conditions, and which entails useful labor. Why complain when the two things are combined? Doesn't this world provide enough sources of anxiety and harassment outside the job, and aren't there enough opportunities for creative initiative in the "leisure" fields of politics, civic work, the arts, etc.?

ELIZABETH SMITH

Milwaukee, Wis.

TV Mischief

Dear Sirs: The television industry has a code to protect the public against various abuses, principally dealing with advertising. There is one program which needs a code badly, as it presents obvious fiction and baldly states it as fact.

I refer to *Behind Closed Doors,* which is shown on ABC Channel 7 at 10:30 Mondays in New York City. The program states that the story enacted on the screen is one of the true experiences from the files of Rear Admiral Zacharias. Had the stories been true, they would have been blazoned in tremendous headlines throughout the world.

Showing these dramas as true stories would be of not more importance than the fiction printed in *True Romances*, were it not for the fact that the purpose of this series seems to be to stir up antagonisms between East and West and to prevent any agreement on ending nuclear tests.

For example, the half-hour drama on January 15 (then on NBC) purported to tell the real reason why Russia was trying to get an agreement to end nuclear tests. . . . It turns out that . . . there had been a terrible explosion at the principal nuclear testing installation in Russia and this had wiped out thousands of their nuclear scientists. . . . Zacharias is shown on the screen with his assistant, who says, "I am authorized by Admiral Zacharias to reveal this report for the first time."

Other episodes show American Secret Service agents stabbing Russian officials in the back and an American vessel dropping depth charges on a Russian submarine.

ALLEN A. SMITH

New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1959
VOLUME 189, No. 7

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

It's Only Nikita, After All

During the Middle Ages, cities, sometimes whole countries, were thrown into consternation by visitations of the Prince of the Powers of the Air — the Devil himself. It was noticeable that the Foul Fiend sought out the most devout members of the community for the purpose of tormenting and terrorizing them; the easy-going were relatively immune. Something of the sort seems to be happening in the United States as the modern incarnation of Satan, a short, stout Russian named Nikita Khruschchev, prepares to board his U.S.-bound jet plane. The experienced immunologists of Freedom House are busy advising us on ways and means of avoiding the psychic contagion which the Evil One is bringing to our shores. In the House of Representatives, the distinguished member from Wisconsin, Mr. Zablocki, urges that Americans of all major religious faiths—Protestant, Catholic, Jewish and Eastern Orthodox—observe a nation-wide minute of silence at 11 A.M. on the fateful day of arrival. Workers, businessmen and farmers are asked to cease their labors for the crucial minute "where this will not entail a great inconvenience"—but what inconvenience could be too great in a matter of such importance? All automobile, bus and truck traffic would halt on every road and street in America. Church bells and air raid sirens would sound at the beginning of the minute of silence and again at its expiration. The minute of silence would sweep across the nation in eight great waves, beginning on the East Coast and Puerto Rico, and continuing across the continent and on out to Hawaii and the Bering Strait.

Other members of Congress have joined in a call to the American people for a day of national mourning during the ineffable Khrushchev's visit. No doubt these demonstrations, if they occur, will assuage the anxiety of those who engage in them. But is it not strange that the Russians were unconcerned about the visit of Vice President Nixon and the witchcraft he might work on them and their institutions? Even stranger, many Americans look on Khrushchev in the same way. Of course, if emotionalism is to be equated with patriotism, these Americans are not patriotic. They may have learned, however, that the great crises of life are best surmounted by a matter-of-fact attitude, rather than histrionics. When the Geneva Conference approached stalemate, the President, advised by Secretary of State Herter, decided to invite Mr. Khrushchev for an informal visit in preference to a renewed Berlin crisis or to a summit conference without the preparatory progress the President had stipulated. The visit of a foreign statesman does not imply endorsement of his ideas or his policies. All it implies it that it is in the national interest to talk with him.

The Peace Juggernaut

The President himself is certainly matter-of-fact rather than excitable in the handling of his job, and this is a very good thing for the country and for him — it explains his survival. This quality contributes to his success as a moderator; sometimes, also, it leads to startling disclosures. One such occurred in Mr. Eisenhower's otherwise unenlightening TV dialogue with Mr. Macmillan, when the President remarked that the people of the world want peace so much that one of these days governments better get out of their way and let them have it. The hunger for peace, for an end to the threat to human existence, underlies the ovations ac-

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corded to the President in Bonn, London, Paris and elsewhere, just as the promise of an end to war led an earlier European generation to cheer President Wilson.

But the President's implication that governments (and not only the Government of the Soviet Union) are essentially war-making agencies, or at least bodies which obstruct peaceful relations between peoples, is one that would scarcely have been expected from a mind as conventional as his. It is less strange when we consider that he is about as honest as a statesman can afford to be, that he is a man of good will, and that he has now had considerable experience in the ways of diplomacy. If first things came first in reporting, the headlines would have been given to this almost offhand remark, rather than to the ceremonial banalities and pure tripe which are inseparable from great occasions of statecraft.

'Shelter' Is a Nice Word

Governor Nelson Rockefeller's success in inducing the Governor's Conference in Puerto Rico to adopt, by an overwhelming vote, the report of his special task force on radioactive fallout suggests that the question of shelters is being shaped up as a political issue. Recent speeches by Representative Chet Holifield and Senator Hubert Humphrey lend support to this view. In fact, Senator Humphrey has said that the civilian-defense problem is now in the process of being taken directly to the people. Fine; the more intensively people discuss the hazards of a nuclear war, the more they will seek to avoid them.

But despite the fact that large amounts of money and effort have been devoted to so-called civilian defense in the last decade, the issues have not been defined in a way that will permit intelligent public discussion or debate. Nearly everyone, of course, is in favor of "shelter" and therefore, by simple extension, of *a* shelter program. The difficulty is that a shelter program, sufficiently detailed to be debated as a political issue, simply does not exist — in Albany or in Washington. All that the OCDM has come up with is a "do-it-yourself" kit which has aroused little enthusiasm either among those who have been guided by it or those most vocal on the need for shelters. More significant is the fact that no one has defined what is meant by "civilian defense," much less prepared a careful specification of what it would cost, of what it would consist, or of how it would work.

"Shelter" is a nice word, but it represents merely the first and perhaps the simplest phase of a highly complex problem. The shelters that are currently talked about would provide at best a degree of protection not against the blast effects of hydrogen explosions, but against the massive radiation which would blanket much of the country in the wake of such explosions. This same radiation, however, would also endanger vital water and food supplies as well as human lives. Moreover, the dislocations in services, communications and productive facilities that would certainly result from a nuclear attack would create major hazards in themselves. And beyond these practical considerations are other and larger issues relating to the political and psychological, the moral and ethical implications of the problem. Before taking the shelter issue to the people, our political leaders should first present a plan that is susceptible of debate and discussion.

The Built-In Bloc

A member of Congress who is a regular reader of *The Nation* offers us a striking analysis to support his contention that the Democratic Party, despite its handsome Congressional victory in November, 1958, is actually a minority party in the House. Of the 283 Democrats in Congress, according to this analysis, 160 are Northern Democrats, ninety-nine Southern Democrats, and the rest are from the border states. Democrats from Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri tend to cancel out as voting units on key national issues: Maryland usually votes with the Southern Democrats, West Virginia with the Northern Democrats, Missouri is divided and Kentucky is ambivalent. Of the sixty-three new Democratic Congressmen elected in 1958, thirteen replaced Democrats who had retired for one reason or another, while fifty replaced Republicans. But these fifty new seats still left the Northern Democrats short of a majority on key issues by fifteen to thirty votes. In the initial vote on the Landrum-Griffin bill, for example, the Northern Democrats managed at one point to muster 201 votes against it, but when the final tally was made the total had dropped to 125 votes. "That figure," our informant insists, "is the real core of the Democratic Party."

Accept this analysis and the conclusion is inescapable that the Democratic sweep in November, 1958, would have had to be far more impressive than it was in order to create a bare working majority for the Democratic Party in the House. As long as the Southern Democrats — the invisible third party — are permitted to exploit the resources and good name of the Democratic Party nationally, every liberal-independent vote in the Democratic columns is subject to an offset which cuts its practical political value to a third or a fourth of what it should in theory represent.

One inference from this analysis may be that, for purely tactical reasons, liberal-independent voters should, wherever possible, support "modern" Republican Congressional candidates. For these voters cannot expect to have a comparable leavening influence in the Democratic Party as long as the built-in, weighted in-

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fluence of the Dixiecrats remains beyond the reach of broad national currents of interest, need and aspiration.

Mr. Porter's New War

Congress shall have power, says Section 1, Paragraph 3 of the U. S. Constitution, to "regulate commerce with foreign nations." Obviously this implies some knowledge by the regulators of conditions within foreign countries. But nobody in Congress today has any first-hand knowledge of what mainland China is like — at least as of recent years. Indeed, we have more direct up-to-date information about life under the Arctic ice floes than about conditions in the world's most populated country.

Representative Charles O. Porter (D., Ore.), who takes his Constitutional duties seriously, sought to go to Peking to determine for himself whether the present restrictive regulations on trade between this country and China are wise. But the State Department, which on matters Chinese acts as if Chiang Kai-shek were Undersecretary for Far Eastern Affairs, refused him the necessary visa, just as it has refused visas to sundry other Americans who doubt that ignorance furnishes the best foundation for a foreign policy.

Mr. Porter, however, is not easily suppressed (witness his one-man war against Trujillo in the Galindez case), and has taken his case to a federal district court. The defendant is Secretary of State Christian Herter, no less. Mr. Herter will have to prove to the court that his reasons for banning Mr. Porter's visit are more cogent than the Congressman's obligation, implied under the Constitution, to make it. A court decision against the Secretary, in this instance, will not knock the props out of the State Department's passport restrictions; a Congressman, after all, is a special case. But it may well open up a line of judicial reasoning that would ultimately have that effect.

After all, the State Department did grant permission to forty-one American newsmen to visit China (the Peking regime, which is demanding a complete open-door policy on correspondents, has refused to admit them); and, as Mr. Porter remarked in the course of a speech on the floor of the House, does a Congressman deserve less consideration?

Mustangs and People

The mustang is the wild horse of the Western plains. Its phylogeny has been much like that of the bison. In 1800 there were some two million mustangs. About 20,000 are left. Much of the slaughter came after World War II and was the consequence of the demand for horse meat for feeding pet cats and dogs. Commercial hunters took to using planes to flush the mustangs from the canyons onto the flat lands. There they were pursued by trucks, lassoed, and allowed to run themselves to exhaustion with heavy truck tires lashed to the ends of the ropes. Finally they were thrown, loaded into trucks and slaughtered. Cattlemen favored this traffic, since it left a better food supply on the public lands for their cattle.

Two humane women, Mrs. Velma ("Wild Horse Annie") Johnston of Nevada and Mrs. Christine Stevens of New York, and several Congressmen intervened on behalf of the maltreated mustangs. A motion-picture actress, Miss Peggy Taylor of California, observing the slaughter of mustangs while on location, appealed to Senator Kuchel, who declared, "So far as I am concerned, my family's . . . Belgian sheep dog would not want to eat any such meat if he knew the wanton manner by which it was brought to the canning factory." The use of aircraft and motor vehicles to hunt wild horses or burros was thereupon prohibited by act of Congress.

Now all that remains is to curb man's inhumanity to man.

Once More the Nightstick

Crime waves are a familiar feature of the American scene. Equally familiar are the proposed remedies: the electric chair, the policeman's club and, in strange juxtaposition, religion. The particular crime wave which is currently agitating the City of New York is a juvenile one. It follows a familiar pattern in that the youthful gangsters and murderers are largely immigrants. New York has seen successive waves of immigration which coincided roughly with crime waves involving predominantly the ethnic groups latest to arrive, who lived in the worst neighborhoods, received the poorest education and the lowest wages and, not altogether surprisingly, committed the most offenses against law and order. In New York, just now, it is the Puerto Ricans who are causing the most concern. But they have had their predecessors and they will have successors, unless a grossly imperfect way of life is succeeded by something better (but it is almost seditious to conceive of anything better or to suggest that, as Buckle said, society prepares the crime, the criminal commits it).

In a society in which news is treated as entertainment and an aid to salesmanship, there is always the temptation to resort to hysterical exaggeration whenever emotions are aroused. A police captain is quoted as saying, "When a grown man in uniform with a gun and nightstick has to stand and take abuse from teenage snotnoses without being allowed to do anything about it, what can you expect?" Anyone who knows the New York police force does not easily picture its members compelled to "turn tail and walk away from a cursing, sneering kid." The police need not take abuse any more than other citizens, and they don't. But when the fist or the club has been used (let it not be for-

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gotten that it was the habitual misuse of force which brought about the imposition of curbs by probably the best Mayor New York ever had, William J. Gaynor), it has not diminished crime. New York does need more police, but law enforcement, even up to the electric chair, has its limitations. Those who rely solely on it, who denounce "do-gooders" and "coddlers" — sometimes from the pulpit — are venting their indignation, but nothing practical is achieved. There will be no great change. Palliatives are possible and should be applied: the district attorneys, the police, the youth workers, the courts, are there for that purpose. But an essentially exploitative and self-satisfied society, further overloaded with refugees from an even worse environment, is bound to have a high crime rate and all its outcries will not change cause and effect one whit.

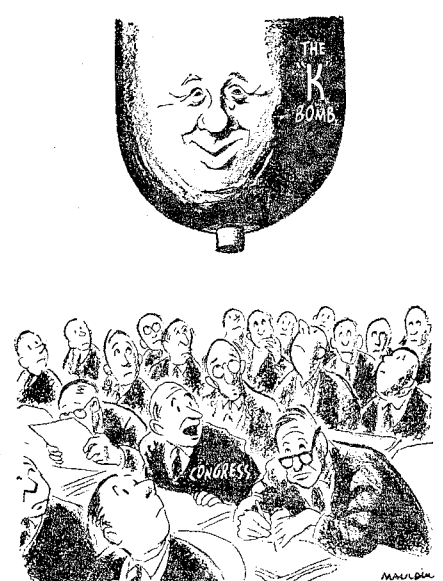
Can Khrushchev Swing the '60 Election?.. *Frederic W. Collins*

Washington

IT IS ALREADY quite evident that the political consequences of the visit of Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev to this country this month will keep the seismographs at party headquarters, in the conventions and out at the grass roots in a state of violent palsy at least through the 1960 elections. It is equally evident that no one knows exactly what the consequences will be, a circumstance which has led to a frenzied guessing game in those areas of political decision where expediency prevails over principle. The one outstanding political result which can at this time be noted with certainty is deep and wide division—between the parties, within the parties and among political leaders—as to the wisdom, in terms of both national and partisan interest, of initiating this trend toward bilateralism and personal diplomacy between the two great principals of the cold war.

Under these circumstances, it is noteworthy that in one part of Washington where the talent for political realism is hardly thought to be endemic, the Department of State, a more searching insight into the political results of the Khrushchev visit has been achieved than in any of the editorial or political comment upon it. The truth is that Mr. Khrushchev's appearance in this country raises a most serious issue—so serious, in fact, that some officials who have perceived it have quite literally spent sleepless nights thinking about it. What they have seen and identified at the center of all the current political confusion is the hard fact that to a meaningful and disturbing extent, the Khrushchev visit, and all it implies, brings American domestic politics at its highest level—the process of Presidential nomination and election—within the thrall of the Kremlin's will. This is true with regard to the great issues of policy which figure in the process and, as can be shown, also with relation to the competing positions of the parties and the men who will be seeking the Presidency in 1960.

THE manner in which this comes about is simple, for everything hinges on what the Kremlin will do—and the Kremlin is master of its own deportment. If, on the one hand, the Soviet leaders choose to maintain through 1960 an attitude of doing business on a fairly reasonable basis with the United States Government, the political consequences of Mr. Khrushchev's visit here, and of President Eisenhower's journey to the Soviet Union, will be favorable to the party which led this country into the exchanges and to the men of the party who associated themselves with the project. But if, on the other hand, the Kremlin chooses to switch back to a hard and brutal line, then the consequences to the Republican Party will be unfavorable—perhaps decisively so.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Let's Get Outta Here Before It Lands!"

This issue, in turn, raises corollary ones. By 1960, will Soviet behavior make the Republican Party seem to be, *in the view of the electorate*, the agent which solved, or significantly eased, the cold-war crisis, or will it seem to be the stupid victim of Soviet duplicity, demonstrably incapable of conducting the nation's affairs in such dangerous situations? Should the Democratic Party, gambling on the long-term malevolence of the Kremlin, oppose the philosophy of accommodation inherent in the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange, or should it gamble the other way and try to get aboard the dove? And which way should a Presidential aspirant bet? How can he possibly make an intelligent guess, so long as it is true that whichever way he jumps, the Kremlin may switch course with the sole and simple purpose of doing *him* in as a Presidential possibility?

When one considers that the Kremlin *is fully free to make its* move at any time up to and including Election Day, the magnitude and duration of the dilemma become clear. The only saving circumstance is the possibility that the Kremlin

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might make a wrong guess. (Who could logically have assumed that the events at the close of the 1956 Presidential campaign, Suez, the invasion of Egypt and Hungary, would have given such a boost to the candidate of the Party of Peace?) But that possibility is small comfort; it contemplates only a different kind of thralldom.

It requires only an easy extension of this reasoning eastward, incidentally, to see that Mr. Khrushchev looms as potent a figure in British domestic politics as he does here. The Conservative Party has irretrievably committed itself to the Eisenhower policy; indeed, it is believed that the Macmillan-Eisenhower TV broadcast from Chequers was deliberately staged as a prelude to the calling of British elections in October, and unless Mr. Khrushchev suddenly changes the Kremlin's current "soft" tactics in the meantime (and it is highly unlikely that he will), the Tories will be in excellent shape to win.

AS FOR American personalities, the issue becomes clearly defined in the case of Richard M. Nixon versus Nelson A. Rockefeller. The Vice President is committed, whether he likes it or not, to the processes of exploration and the quest for accommodation. The commitment derives both from his role in the Administration and from his recent visit to the Soviet Union. The dangers for him in this situation are apparent. There is a well-developed theory in Washington that the whole elaborate business by which Mr. Eisenhower kept Mr. Nixon in the dark about the ongoing White House-Kremlin exchanges until the Vice President was almost ready to enplane for Moscow, was designed to make possible a shifting of responsibility from Mr. Nixon to Mr. Eisenhower (prospectively only a spectator in 1960) if the end results were bad.

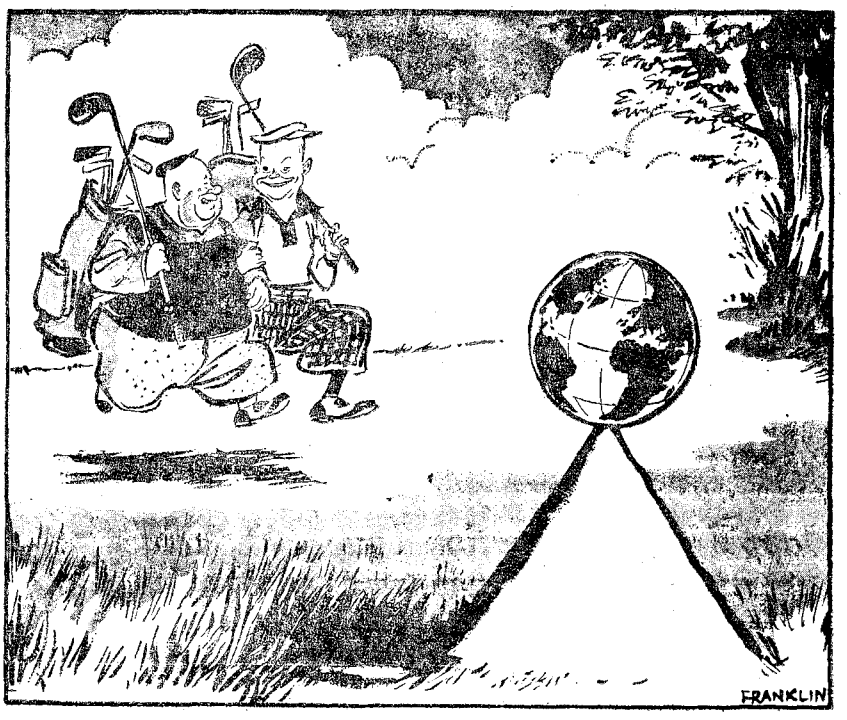
But no matter how many escape hatches may have been provided, the commitment stands. Mr. Rockefeller, on the other hand, is playing it cool as far as the Soviet Union and Mr. Khrushchev are concerned. His conspicuous avoidance of the Soviet Exposition in New York is already in the record, and his attitude toward the Khrushchev visit has been hardly more cordial.

But—the Governor of New York could prove to be wrong. If, as the primaries unfold and as the GOP convention meets, the Soviet Union wishes to create the impression that the Eisenhower Administration has made headway in relieving the tensions of the cold war, then the public's longing for an end to international crises will give Mr. Nixon an advantage over Mr. Rockefeller.

In the Democratic Party, the dilemma of the candidates is no less acute. Adlai Stevenson is still under some handicap from the diligent efforts of Mr. Nixon in 1952 and 1956 to impose upon him a reputation as an appeaser of communism, however undeserved that reputation may have been. Mr. Stevenson, as a result, is not even wholly free to make up his mind on the issue according to the dictates of his conscience and his political judgment. Senator John Kennedy's freedom of choice is restricted for another reason: the opposition to the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange of the Catholic Church, most militantly expounded by Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston. Senator Humphrey must deal, on the one hand, with the fact that Mr. Khrushchev has given him the rough side of his tongue and on the other with a need to prove that he is not an extreme left-winger; and, to complicate matters further, he must also deal with the obligations imposed by his own strategy in offering himself as an apostle of peace. Senator Stuart Symington has to wonder whether it might become necessary to attempt a reconciliation between his commitment to a devastating startegic air capability and a new posture of accommodation with the target regime.

In the broad battle between the two great parties, the Khrushchev visit and all it entails have already had this result as of right now: The Democrats have not yet gained an issue, but the Republicans have lost one which they had cherished for nearly two decades—the issue summed up in the word Yalta. But no one at either headquarters, canvassing tactics and strategy for 1960, can know for sure that an abrupt Kremlin move will not change all this, conferring upon the Republicans a winning slogan, "Progress Toward Peace"—or upon the Democrats a losing one, "Stumbling into War."

THE NUMBER of subsidiary issues generated by the Khrushchev visit can be determined roughly by multiplying the number of parties by the number of candidates, multiplying that by the number of states, multi-



z Toronto Star

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plying the whole result by X. No one, for example, can read Cardinal Cushing without realizing that every candidate with a significant Catholic element in his constituency must walk on eggs in dealing with the issues raised by the Khrushchev visit. ("His [Mr. K's] visit is a device which is bringing about the contraction of the free world and with it the cutting down of the number of men and women who dare openly to express their belief in God."—Cardinal Cushing in *The Boston Globe*, August 30, 1959.) The fact that Mr. Khrushchev was steered away from Chicago and Cleveland because of the strong representation of Eastern Europeans there is evidence enough of the political problems raised by the visit in those and comparable areas. In ideological terms, there are efforts at awesome thunder on the Right: viz., the full-page advertising by the Committee Against Summit Entanglements, running the gamut from A (T. Coleman Andrews) almost to Z (Albert C. Wedemeyer) by way of Barry Goldwater and Clarence Manion.

The American politician, contemplating the Khrushchev visit, might well find himself fervently hoping that a last-minute cancellation might occur—and in Washington, the wish, in some quarters, has been father to the thought. But the same politician, if he were honest with himself, might have to admit that, visit or no, a considerable amount of fat is already in the political fire. Even if the visit were canceled, the movement toward accommodation has gained such momentum that the unhappy politician might still find himself required to explain whether he was for it or against it. Either way, he finds himself standing on a rug which could still be yanked out from under him by Kremlin caprice any time between now and November, 1960.

PLUS ALL YOU CAN STEAL . . *by Edward W. Ziegler*

WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS, American industry has been loudly bewailing its falling profit margins for almost a decade. Industrial leaders have been glumly predicting that industry is pricing itself out of world markets; indeed, judging by the reaction of auto buyers and the TVA, American industry may be pricing itself out of its own market as well.

Almost all the trouble is blamed on the high cost of labor (never on the high cost of management). But perhaps a better explanation lies in the short and brutal word *larceny*. Workers usually take things (tools, parts, materials); managers usually take money (kickbacks and inflated expense accounts); but whoever takes, and in whatever form, in the long run the consumer has to foot the bill in the form of higher prices.

How much is the bill? Industry, because it regards any kind of adverse publicity as tantamount to conviction of mismanagement, hides its losses (even from itself) by complex accounting methods. But insurance men, who have to make good on at least part of what might be called the *pure* thievery, say the annual total runs into $5 billion or more.

That, too, is the estimate of Norman Jaspan, New York management consultant. And above and beyond these billions is a much larger total of semi-official and quasi-legal thievery that higher managers and executives carry on by means of padded expense accounts.

Mr. Jaspan recently told the American Management Association that the general price level could be reduced 15 per cent if dishonesty were removed from American business. "The nation's gross national product has increased by $92.3 billion since 1952," he pointed out, "but profits have remained at the 1952 level." He put the blame on business dishonesty, adding that more than 60 per cent of the losses are the work of supervisory and executive employees. Mr. Jaspan's figures may be exaggerated, but not — according to other observers — by very much. And no one can say that Richard L. Bollard of Liberty Mutual Insurance Company was exaggerating when he pointed out, a short time ago, that insurance companies are paying out 130 per cent more in fidelity claims than ten years ago.

GEORGE Y., a toolroom worker at a 6,000-man General Motors plant, along with Tony A. and Bill M., had been stealing fine gauges, taps, carbide tools, micrometers and other easily portable metal-working equipment for years. George's home workshop was superbly equipped. He stole nothing but the best.

But George got caught by a fluke. His supervisor knocked George's coat off a hook one day when he brushed up against it. About $20 worth of carbide inserts rolled out of the pocket. George had put them there just an hour before. The supervisor hustled George to the plant manager's office, where they were joined by the personnel manager.

They grilled George. They got nothing. For $20 worth of tools, the company wasn't going to go to the police and George knew it. The worst they could do was fire him. The tools he had been hoarding in his garage workshop bore no GM imprint. No one could prove he hadn't bought them. But a quick audit raised the alarm. There was a $10,000 shortage in the tool room for that one year alone. Further evidence implicated Tony and Bill. All three were fired.

Today in Elyria, Ohio, there is a new, well-equipped and highly successful tool-and-die shop. Its owners are George, Tony and Bill. It was financed — short term — by General Motors. Long term, you and I are amortizing the cost every time we buy a new Chevrolet. According to one cynical observer, the flourishing new business no doubt lists General Motors as a customer.

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At another GM plant, the scrap supervisor made a quiet deal with a scrap dealer. The supervisor would sell the dealer scrap brass at the price of scrap iron and split the difference. The plan was so simple that it worked perfectly for three years. The weight tickets and the price tickets always matched properly. And the scales were always in perfect working order.

But one day someone thought to look *inside* one of the scrap dealer's trucks to see the "iron." Of course it was brass. The plant was poorer by almost $80,000. The supervisor was fired. But none of his $40,000 share was recovered.

General Motors, by the way, is widely acclaimed as one of the most efficient, best organized of our large corporations.

IN RICHMOND, Va., the district manager of an electrical manufacturer's distributing subsidiary checked over the warehouse inventory figures against a physical audit in the fall of 1955. He discovered serious shortages. Vacuum cleaners, portable radios, television sets—even bulky electric ranges—had simply disappeared.

He hired two private detectives, who hid themselves above a false ceiling over the shipping dock and began watching outgoing shipments. Within forty-eight hours they saw one of the delivery men nudge an extra vacuum cleaner carton from stock into his outgoing pile. Then he loaded the whole shipment into his truck and started off. The private eyes climbed down and followed. They trailed him to his mother's house, where he dropped off the vacuum cleaner. They made their arrest.

The district manager called in the police. Two city detectives, the private detectives, and the manager grilled the delivery man for hours. He confessed only the theft of the $49.95 vacuum cleaner. Although the shortage totaled many thousands of dollars, the evidence would support only a petty larceny charge.

The manager fired the delivery man and the warehouse manager. He came very close to firing his operating manager, as well, suspecting a kickback arrangement among the three. But he could prove nothing more. The case was closed to the satisfaction of the parent company. But what the company did not know was that the manager himself had "borrowed" a television set from stock for his own use, along with a window fan and an air conditioner. He "bought" an electric range and a refrigerator that same year with money he made on his expense account.

Little men perform little acts of larceny, all gaining much more than they would lose if they got caught. Typical of industry's half-tolerant attitude is this response a cigar company executive gave *Dun's Review and Modern Industry* to the question: "Which kind of dishonesty is most expensive?" Answered the executive: "The kind we never discover."

IN THE TOTAL picture of larceny in industry, however, the petty pilferings of little men fade into insignificance.

"Come on, Jack, $12,000 a year and all you can steal — sounds good, doesn't it?" Thus an electronics engineer carrying too much gin on top of too little vermouth egged an old friend into following him to a new job in California.

The spirit of the times is caught in little incidents, by occasional bursts of candor, such as one insurance executive loosed on a meeting of businessmen. "I'm in the insurance business," he said. "My job is to protect business people against loss. But I'd be a phony if I stood up here and didn't admit that my four children have all gone through school and never spent a nickel on pencils, erasers or paper pads. . . ." The businessmen roared their amusement.

At a large Philadelphia district office of a national corporation, an assistant sales manager told one of his salesmen: "Joe, if you don't do better than this you'll have us all in hot water. Who ever heard of paying only $8 a night for a hotel? Or spending $1.75 for dinner? I don't care what you spend. Make it look like you went first class."

In a New York publishing firm, the secretary of an editor regularly picks up the accounts of the sub-editors on the tenth of every month with the line, "All right, boys, time for your creative writing reports." It never fails to get a laugh.

And even in the red-carpeted halls of the National Council of Churches — according to a former executive — there is frequent, if muted, use of the term "swindle sheet" on expense-accounting day.

Any competent expense-account writer can pocket 10 per cent of the amount he allegedly spends. If he's really savvy, he can put away as much as 50 per cent. On an annual expenditure (of record) of $2,500, any reasonably larcenous man can net $800, or the equivalent of at least $1,000 in taxable income.

One Chicago fork-lift-truck sales

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manager spent sixteen days winging around the nation to district sales offices. He turned in a tab for $850. He really spent just a little more than $500. When he ate liver, it became steak on his report; a $1 cab ride became $3.75; a $10 hotel room grew into a $17.50 suite, and so on.

A former executive of one of the largest television networks tells this story: One day, shortly after taking an administrative job, he was invited to lunch by a sub-functionary of one of the popular daytime serials. The executive was taken to New York's swank restaurant, the Colony, and treated to a lavish meal that cost his host no less than $45. When it became obvious that his host had nothing in particular to discuss with him, he became curious.

He decided to make a *sub rosa* study of all his co-workers' expense habits. He asked for, and got, his vice president's approval. He did not have far to look for clear evidence of systematic cheating by all managerial employees. A typical example of the extreme to which the practice was carried was illustrated by one of the close friends of his original host who was a low-echelon unit manager of a now-defunct quiz program. The man's weekly salary was $116.87. His weekly expense averaged $167.

"I found tab after tab," the executive told me, "for lunch at the Forum of the Twelve Caesars or Le Pavillon—both top-flight New York restaurants — for three or four of his buddies with a total bill of $80 or $90. Then, the next day, one of the other four would put down the others for lunch at Twenty-One or the Colony with a similar bill. I don't think those guys ever went to any place more expensive than Chock Full O'Nuts, but you couldn't prove it by their expense accounts."

Shortly after beginning his investigation, the executive went to the West Coast with his vice president on business. "We got to a gift shop in San Francisco and he told me to buy a crystal vase for him. 'Put it on your expense account,' he said, with a wink, 'and I'll okay your account.'"

By then the zealous investigator began to realize he was tilting at a windmill. "I was shocked," he says, "and somehow I knew what would happen when I finished my study."

If he thought he was through finding exorbitant items he was wrong. In the higher echelons, it wasn't unusual to find things like: "Flowers, for ————'s opening, $25." "Those guys," he says, "had more friends with birthdays, openings, anniversaries or funerals than you can imagine. And they always sent $25 worth of flowers."

A $35,000-a-year man would typically spend $15,000 to $18,000 on expenses a year, much of which went for hard-to-check items like "home entertainment" of business associates.

"At last, when I was done, I turned over my consolidated reports to the boss. He said something like, 'Goodness, this is terrible, I'll certainly tell the executive committee about this. . . .' I never heard anything more about it."

The honest man, thoroughly disillusioned, quit his job. "It goes on all the time. I know that. But I found myself torn between what I knew was right and what my friends thought was permissible. I said to hell with it. It wasn't worth it."

This, admittedly, is an extreme example, drawn from an extreme business. In less volatile, less profitable, fields the expenditures are far more modest, but the technique is the same and the number who play the game is greater.

THE SEERS AMONG us can make endless capital of the abundant signs of decay. Little of the above would be possible except that stealing is socially acceptable. No doubt a great deal of its acceptability is a result of high income taxes that encourage men to find income that cannot be taxed. High living costs put pressure on the breadwinner to become a bread-stealer. So great are the rewards, and so few the risks, that the temptation is simply greater than any but the most ethical man can resist.

Instead of industry asking, "Are we pricing ourselves out of the market?" perhaps it had better ask itself, "Are we stealing ourselves out of the market?"

RAILROAD LABOR CRISIS . . *by John Barden*

THE BROTHERHOOD of Locomotive Engineers, the Order of Railway Conductors & Brakemen and the Switchmen's Union of North America will ask their employers next November 1 for a 12 per cent increase in wage rates. The notices were filed last February under Section 6 of the Railway Labor Act. By June, the other brotherhoods — the Locomotive Firemen & Enginemen and the Railroad Trainmen — had filed for 14 per cent increases. Eighteen non-operating unions are also negotiating; last week eleven of them demanded a 25c package increase.

The three-year national agreement for a moratorium on rule changes relevant to alleged "featherbedding" practices expires October 31. These rules, some dating from 1875, were standardized by the Lane Commission and promulgated by General Order 27 in 1918 while the railroads were under wartime federal control. They appear today more or less uniformly in the contracts between the railroads and the operating unions.

Throughout the country, union officials and managements at division, terminal and lower working levels are entering discussions and reporting the issues to higher authority. Union general chairmen are taking up disputes with individual railroad

JOHN BARDEN, former newspaperman and union official, had extensive cooperation from both management and the Railroad Brotherhoods in perparing this article.

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managements. Their differences on wages are already coming to the national bargaining table; those as to rules will come up in or after November.

It is not difficult to write out the dialogue now ensuing so far as it relates to the issues which will reach the national level. Railroad management and unions have been writing the script for months, using all available platforms and their various publications. Management has the edge on publications. More than 90 per cent of the U.S. press, according to a sampling of editorials by the Association of American Railroads, believes the railroads are over-regulated, over-taxed, under-financed, out-run by subsidized competition and badly hurt by featherbedding. The chance, therefore, of the dialogue's getting more than a one-sided hearing in many papers is small. *The Nation* accordingly undertakes to state both sides, almost in the very terms of the official speeches and publications of labor and management. The writer has assumed equally articulate and well-informed spokesmen for each side.

LABOR: Getting down to the economic issues, we are asking for a 12-14 per cent over-all wage increase and a cost of living adjustment based on the Consumers Price Index as it will stand in September.

MANAGEMENT (expected to broaden the agenda with appropriate notices of its contentions): You're going to draw a 15-cent-an-hour cut unless the ridiculous and outmoded featherbedding rules are dropped from the contracts. This cut is the exact measure by which increases in railroad wages have topped those in other industries in the last five years. The carriers could pay substantially higher wages and offer many more job opportunities, but only if you will agree that the antiquated work rules of 1918 are no longer possible in 1959. We are losing more than $500 million a year paying you fellows for work you don't do.

LABOR: That's a phony figure, and we know how you came by it. You'd lay off all firemen, third brakemen, and crews on self-propelled maintenance equipment, though they are required for the safety and efficiency of operations. You'd abolish the short turn-around passenger rule, putting short-run operating crews on the 10-hour day, straight-time, though there's a 1957 Emergency Board ruling against you on that. You'd lay off people by using road crews in the yards and switching crews on the road. Your $500 million figure includes paid vacations, holidays, time for meals, absences on leave, time when called in but not used, investigations, run-around pay, deadheading, attending court when ordered by the management to protect management interests, and the like. You've counted all these items in your "losses," but they're part of the cost of doing business, operating safely, and fair treatment of employees. There isn't another industry moaning about legitimate costs like you do. You only do it to mislead the public.

MANAGEMENT: We don't care what you call it, cost or loss. No other industry has to take the costs you hand us. Our $500 million is a conservative figure derived from the study of (1) the antiquated dual mileage-day basis of paying train crews; (2) jurisdictional work separations — rules banning road crews from working in yards or vice versa and prohibiting train crews from crossing division and seniority boundaries; (3) unnecessary fireman jobs and other train positions.

Here's a case: A passenger train covers the 1,034-mile trip between Chicago and Denver in 16½ hours. For this, the carrier's cost — because of the dual mileage-day basis of payment — runs to ten and one-third basic days' pay for each engine-crew position. The competitive bus lines pay their drivers for each eight hours of work. We're paying whole crews a day's pay for two or three hours' work.

LABOR: We're glad you brought up the Chicago-Denver run. There's a passenger engineer on that run named M. E. White. He has 30 years' seniority and operates a daily assignment on the Burlington between Lincoln, Neb., and Creston, Ia., a distance of 115 miles, averaging 2 hours and 51 minutes per trip. For all this he receives just $31.66 straight-time pay per trip, including nights and Sundays. In the first half of July, 1958, he spent 210½ hours either on duty or laying over. For this he received $481.63, or $2.26 an hour for time actually in service for the company.

MANAGEMENT: Let's put that this way: He drew $481.63 for 15 trips, about 43 hours of work. That figures out to $11.17 an hour. We have to give eight crews comparable pay to get a train over 1,034 miles in 16½ hours, when it should be just two crews. Between Chicago and New York it's worse — nine crews, each getting a day's pay to move a train some small part of a 900-mile trip which takes altogether 16 hours.

LABOR: We doubt that you'd want crews operating trains up to 80-90 miles an hour for eight straight hours, but, quite aside from that, let's look at what these crews net after the food and hotel bills contracted in the service of the company during layovers. If on each trip Engineer White pays $15 for board and lodging, he was making a little less than $1.79 an hour for his time — less than an unskilled worker gets in any major industry and about half what a building-trades laborer gets, straight time. They also get time-and-a-half for overtime, night-work premiums, and double time on Sundays. Engineer White doesn't.

MANAGEMENT: Sure. He's a victim, like the rest of us, of the 41-year-old work rule — the 100-mile day for engine crews and the 150-mile day for passenger-train crewmen — though not nearly as badly off as you try to make out. Engineer White is in railroading, a round-the-clock, seven-day-a-week service. It is not unusual for other industrial labor to work weekends at straight time under such circumstances. Our non-operating employees work straight time where continuous operations are involved, as do workers in other continuous-process industries. Operating employees in yards receive extra pay for holidays or the equivalent in higher hourly wage rates. Road trainmen were denied paid holidays by Emergency Board 116 which held that the rules applying to road serv-

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ice place the majority of such employees in a much more favorable earning position than yard-service employees.

Against away-from-home expenses, you received a 5-cent hourly increase during World War II. This is still in the pay structure. Your estimate of Engineer White's expenses classifies as riotous living. At most railroad layover points, low-cost facilities are provided for crewmen away from home.

LABOR: The 100-150 mile basis was introduced by management to encourage efficiency and stimulate crews to move trains faster. The rule, as formulated since 1910, provides that eight hours or less, or 100-150 miles or less, shall entitle the crew to receive a certain minimum pay. It is an incentive system. The 100-150 miles was never a day's run. The pay was not a day's pay, but simply a base rate for the 100-150 miles. We make it fast and safe in two to three hours, and this is what you wanted. Now you've got it — and you're crying.

MANAGEMENT: Sure we're crying. The standards were set when average train speed was only about half what it is today. Incentive pay is not at issue. The issue is pay standards unchanged in the face of vast changes in operating methods.

LABOR: The 100-150 mile rule has nothing to do with a day's work, just as the pay you keep calling a day's pay has nothing to do with a day's pay. They had trains at the turn of the century which ran nearly as fast as our fastest today. The rules you complain about provide incentives for performance enjoyed by few other industries. From 1947 to 1956, the real product of the railroad workers, under the rules you helped invent but now challenge, increased 43.6 per cent when measured in revenue traffic-units per hour. In the same 10-year period, the real product of the entire non-agricultural part of the American economy increased only 26.1 per cent. Since 1956, the productivity gain of railroad workers has been 8.5 per cent, and the current rate is the highest in history. The railroads aren't paying for it, either. Total compensation to employees in this period of 1947-57 rose only 23.1 per cent, while the cost of living rose 25 per cent. Yet according to the annual report of the ICC, 1957 dividends were up 115.7 per cent over 1947.

MANAGEMENT: How can you talk like that? We earned just 2.7 per cent on our net investment last year, and 20 major lines operated in the red. Railroads rank third from the bottom among 73 industrial groups in comparisons of profits earned on net assets. We're paying out 53 cents of every revenue dollar to our employees. Yet if you go back to 1926 for the long look, we've lost out by at least 50 per cent on inter-city ton-mile freight to our subsidized competition, the trucking industry.

Your "total compensation" concept has too many variables to have any meaning. Total compensation reflects both wage level and number of employees. Increases in wages are offset by layoffs. We've had to resort to layoffs to stay solvent in the postwar period. While Class I railroad employment declined 41 per cent in the period from 1945 to 1958, the total payroll increased 27.5 per cent. The level of individual wages in the industry is among the highest for any industrial group in the nation.

We'll concede that productivity has risen over the years, mainly because of railroad spending for improved plant and equipment, but you're far ahead in wage gains. Traffic units handled per hour paid for have risen 220 per cent since 1922. Yet wages per hour paid for have risen 304 per cent. Since World War II, revenue traffic-units per hour worked rose 49 per cent, but straight-time earnings per hour worked went up 169 per cent, better than three times as much as employee output.

LABOR: You keep talking poor, but the fact is that your profits in the last quarter of 1958 were running at the rate of $1 billion a year, and you're doing even better in 1959. Railroad management has been especially favored by low labor costs. We feel it's time you began to catch up with other U.S. industries.

MANAGEMENT: We intend to, but not as you'd like it. We want productivity increases in line with what we're paying for. Besides saddling us with the 100-150 mile day, you've built jurisdictional walls all over our operations. Not long ago on the Minneapolis & St. Louis, a two-unit diesel was being prepared to move a freight train. Before the engine left the roundhouse, the mechanical department coupled on a dead diesel unit for repairs at the next terminal. The road brakeman that day made the same moves in herding the locomotive from the roundhouse to the train yard he always did. Since the dead unit was attached to the regular train engine, it was necessary to walk 15 additional steps to couple the locomotive to the outbound freight train. This brakeman collected an extra day's pay on the ground that moving the dead unit was work not included in his contract.

LABOR: Yet if we let minor infractions of the rule pass, you fellows immediately push for major infractions, and then where's the rule? As the National Railway Adjustment Board said in a similar 1959 case: "The claim here presented may seem trivial. It must, however, be remembered that the protection of the sanctity of the rules against major infractions is attained in large part by their protection against minor infractions."

The case you cite was bad management. Where was the switching crew?

Let us put this in terms you railroad executives can understand. Suppose after you have put in your regular tough day at the office, your superior comes to you and tells you that, since you're here and the charwoman isn't, he wishes you would pick up a broom and clean up the place before you go home. You'd refuse, of course, and with good reason. Jurisdictional rules in the railroad industry are basically the result of situations as simple as that, though in many instances they also involve an element of safety that can't be ignored.

MANAGEMENT: Believe us, if it would pay to have executives sweeping out their offices, we'd have

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'em doing it. The point of the case we cited is that the rule draws a firm and inflexible line between things that road crews can do and things that yard crews can do. Most cases are trivial — except the money we have to pay out. A few minutes' work is involved which could readily be done by a road crew or a yard crew on duty at the point. In the interest of efficiency and better service, we should have the right to use road crews to perform any and all switching and station work required of road trains at initial and final terminals and at all intermediate points. We should also have the right to use yard crews to perform both road and yard service either inside or outside switching limits.

LABOR: Sure, and never mind the facts that switching crews don't know the road and road crews don't know the yard. Never mind the foul-ups and accidents, the injuries and loss of life, the damage to your expensive equipment. You think this would lead to efficiency and better service. We don't.

MANAGEMENT: You fellows think nothing of stopping the whole service — and the public be damned — when the right man for the job isn't around. Last spring in New York, a New Haven train was delayed 23 minutes because of a dirty locomotive windshield. The train's engineer refused to clean it. That was somebody else's job. Finally a workman of the proper classification arrived, cleaned the windshield, and the train pulled out.

LABOR: Bad management again. You blame the engineer, but where was the maintenance foreman who put that locomotive on the line with a dirty windshield?

We took a beating on that case at the hands of your publicity artists, but here are the facts: That engineer had complained repeatedly about dirty windshields. He had cleaned the window himself and put in for the pay, but was refused. He had no alternative but to sit it out. We can only help improve management from where we sit, but there is a lot of poor management higher up we can't do anything about.

Let's have a look at featherbedding in management. Back in 1923, the Class I railroads had approximately 1.8 million employees, and 16,000 at the managerial levels. In 1959, we have only 820,000 employees and about the same number of managers. From 1955-57, 190 new officials were added at top levels, while other workers dropped from 1,041,792 to 969,737, with the total outlay for management increasing $21.8 million to a staggering total of $180.9 million annually. Six top officials with the Boston & Maine drawing $145,800 in 1955 went to seven drawing $243,358 in 1957. The Chicago & Northwestern had 11 drawing $353,809 in 1955 and 19 drawing $618,226 in 1957; Southern Railroad went from 31 drawing $903,970 in 1955 to 58 drawing $1,667,510 in 1957. All this new talent succeeded in doing, so far as we can see, was to drive layoffs of our people higher in 1958 than they've ever been, even at the bottom of the Great Depression. They've also shunted alarming amounts of equipment to await repair at overloaded shops.

The result is that the railroads are confronted with increasing shortages of equipment to handle the greater volume of business offered.

MANAGEMENT: Anybody can make their statistical story look good by selecting the dates. You left off the 1958-59 period, when management personnel decreased 6 per cent, more than twice the average decrease for all rail employment. Management's getting just 1.7 per cent of each revenue dollar. It's your 53 per cent take that is staggering. Automation and advances in technology brought on by research and investment in new plants and equipment have called for higher technical skills and administrative abilities—brains rather than brawn. In 1958, 15,463 employees were executives, officials and staff assistants. This was just 1.8 per cent of the total of 840,000 employees.

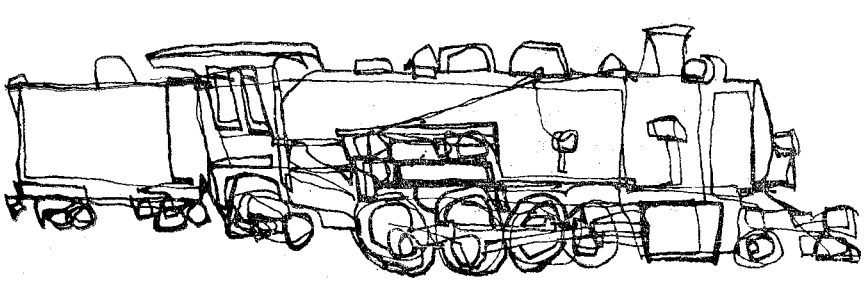
As for deadlined equipment, revenue ton-miles of Class I railroad freight traffic fell to 550 billion in 1958, or 11 per cent under 1957's 618 billion. We didn't need the equipment deadlined. To continue prosperity repair programs in the face of equipment surpluses and poor traffic prospects would leave less money for other payrolls.

LABOR: You're losing business because you want to. A number of roads are trying to get out of the less-than-carload-lots freight business. The Chicago & Northwestern discontinued its pick-up service and admits it lost 40 per cent of its LCL business. So did the Atlantic Coast Line. Some are trying to dry up the express business and stop hauling mail. Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield, a pal of yours, not ours, wrote us a letter dated January 17, 1958, saying, "The railroads request the Department to remove mail in advance of petitions for abandonment in order that the unprofitability of the remaining service can be more easily demonstrated."

Many railroads don't want regular passenger business, except for a few crack trains. They want to stop being common carriers. They prefer to haul only bulk freight on which they often have a monopoly.

MANAGEMENT: You don't know what you're talking about. We're being driven out of some business by high employment costs — 67 per cent of total rail expenses. Abandonments and discontinuances are last-ditch efforts to prune off the dead branches of losing services so that more profitable limbs may be kept alive.

LABOR: When you stop wasting money on top-level salaries, letting equipment stand idle and throwing away business, maybe we'll think



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about the rules of the game which, we remind you, you agreed to time and time again because you found the incentives profitable. Some things management is doing to lose business are unbelievable. Let us quote an engineer on the L & N's *Southland Limited* between Cincinnati and Florida:

"First they removed the dining car. Then they removed all Pullman service. The remaining coaches are almost always dirty. Very often because of some mechanical defect, the steam heat breaks down, and the people have suffered for hundreds of miles."

MANAGEMENT: All this is the direct result of the ancient dual mileage-day basis of paying train crews, costs which figure heavily in passenger operations. We dieselized, put in modern signal and electronic communications systems, centralized traffic control, radio, heavier and stronger rail, reduced curves and grades. This expensive effort simply led us into paying double time for our crews as compared with 1922 at triple the 1922 rates. Crews were then getting paid for only 4½ to 5¾ hours' work. We even have to carry firemen today on the freight diesels, though, as the neutral members of Arbitration Case No. 140 have justly said, "The change from steam to diesel power left little or nothing for the firemen to do." We're spending more than $200 million on unnecessary firemen's jobs each year.

LABOR: Now there's a typical management economy: Fire all the firemen! The dictum you cite from Case No. 140 had nothing to do with the facts or decision in that case. It was held that firemen do not have the exclusive right to do engine-work on diesels, but no one may be assigned an operational position on a diesel in lieu of a fireman. The opinion commented on the "multitude of duties" firemen perform.

They are the men practical railroaders rate as the most valuable safety factors in the industry. The fireman notes the wayside signals, speed zones, track obstructions, hotboxes and other conditions which may affect the safety or progress of the train. He takes over operations of the train if the engineer is incapacitated. He is railroading's co-pilot.

MANAGEMENT: The safety argument didn't impress the Royal Canadian Commission on whose recommendation the job has been abolished in Canada. Besides, nobody's suggesting all firemen be dismissed. Only those on freight and switching diesel locomotives are involved. There is no move to take them off the passenger diesels.

LABOR: Keep losing passenger business the way you have, and there won't be any passenger diesels.

MANAGEMENT: We can't afford the luxury of featherbedding when we are faced with rate levels depressed by government assistance to other carriers. Although the railroads are inherently the low-cost carrier, they can't develop this potential because of needless, artificially high internal costs. Removing the firemen from freight diesels would not, even in the case of yard locomotives where ground crews work side by side with enginemen, result in one-man operation. Freight trains carry a head-end brakeman in diesel cabs in addition to the fireman and engineer. He would be available for emergency and other functions now performed by firemen.

LABOR: Why management, confronted with a safety record already bad, wants to risk making it worse by taking off the firemen beats us. Last year nine carriers paid fines on 382 indictments for failure to report accidents. We refer only to cases actually detected by inadequate ICC staffs. It is a negligible percentage, probably, of the true number of accidents.

The Kellock Commission's finding in Canada against the firemen cannot be taken seriously. It did not have a single practical railroader in its membership; three judges decided the question. No practical railroader agrees with the findings of the commission, not even in Canada.

MANAGEMENT: The Kellock Commission for nearly a year examined records of train-operating procedures and studied conditions in diesel cabs. It also conducted extensive hearings at which operating men from all classifications were interviewed. Its findings were reaffirmed by a special conciliation board last March in the Canadian National Railways dispute over the fireman issue.

There is in fact strong evidence for *not* dividing the responsibility for observing signals and right of way. Several railroads on which extensive multiple-unit electric-train operations are conducted without firemen, recorded for a recent 5-year period an accident ratio of .82 for each million passenger-train miles operated. The ratio on these same railroads for all other passenger service was 1.73. It is worth noting, too, that many suburban electric passenger trains are conducted without firemen both in this country and abroad with excellent and fully comparable safety records.

Everything the firemen do has either disappeared with the coming of the diesel, as in the case of the production of power, or is duplicating the jobs of others, as in the case of lookout functions performed by the engineman and the head-end brakeman.

LABOR: Obviously there are no fires to tend on a diesel locomotive, with the exception of steam generators on certain locomotives. However, this does not mean diesels operate automatically, what with fires, explosions, faulty wiring and mechanical failures. When a warning light in the cab goes on, indicating trouble in the engine room, it is the fireman who investigates and takes necessary action to correct the trouble. The engineer cannot leave the cab while the train is in motion. In essence, the diesel locomotives increase the value of locomotive firemen. They are also engineer trainees. They acquire essential knowledge of track curvature and grades, locomotive operations, air brakes, train speed and switching techniques.

MANAGEMENT: We'll find cheaper ways to take care of the engineer-trainee problem. The rest is a fine lot of fiction you're talking, and we're no longer in position to pay $200,000,000 a year for it.

LABOR: That's right. Starting this year, you'll be paying $200,000,-

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000 plus 14 per cent, or $228,000,000.

MANAGEMENT: Doesn't look like we're going to get much agreement on any issues. . . .

LABOR: We'll agree on that. . . .

IF THESE disputes are not resolved at the national bargaining table, the National Mediation Board, acting under the Railway Labor Act, must proffer arbitration, but this may be rejected by either side. The unions thereupon set a strike date, and the board makes its report to the President. He may appoint an Emergency Board and instruct it to study the disputes and make recommendations. The strike date is subject to postponement up to 30 days after the date the Emergency Board makes its report. If there is then no settlement, railroad management and labor are left to their resources, the President is left to his, and the normal result is a strike.

The winter of 1959-60 may be a hard one for the railroads, their 820,000-840,000 employees, and the American people who will find out, if there is a strike, just how important the railroads are to the U.S. economy. It could be a bed of nails, no feathers, for everybody.

THE BARFLY and the NAVAJO . . *William Eastlake*

Cuba, New Mexico

MAN IS UNHAPPY when his experiences do not accord with his values. He is very unhappy when his values are no challenge. He is happy doing the impossible and most happy when his failures (as all art is) are grand failures, maintaining all of his arrogance, demonstrating none of the wan humility and false generosity that society demands of success.

I put this down in order that I might repeat it again at the end of my dialogue between my white man and my Navajo Indian.

My white man is a composite, a composite of every white man who wants to do good, and all white men want to do good. If you call it evil, you are being subjective. All white men want to do good. Ask any Indian. Those of us who do not want to do good have been frightened out of it by some childhood experience that has left us crippled and difficult and probably a disgrace to our race, and sick. Odd.

Because I live in Indian country, the white man will feel me out first. I am the link. I live in the valley and the shadow. I am a suspect cowpuncher dwelling in a Navajo camp. The barfly who flew, the gentleman who stole second base in cowboy costume.

Very well, my good man, what do you want to know about the Indians?

Well, tell me, Bill—. Do you mind if I call you Bill?

No.

Tell me, Bill, could you introduce me to an Indian?

A real live Indian? Here is one right here.

Would he mind if I take his picture? I think it would be a good way to break the ice.

It is actually a good way to get your nose broken, but my Indian is a tame Indian. Specifically, it is Chee Felix Francis, called Rabbit Stockings. I must pick a definite Indian because they tend to be more individual than we do. Indians composite badly.

White man: I'll send you one of these pictures when I get it developed.

Rabbit: Okay.

White man: I'm with Farmington Pumps. Actually Banacal, an affiliate, but no one ever heard of Banacal. Bypass compressor valves for Nike and Jupiter and Atlas rockets. Doesn't that make you curious? I've always been curious about the Indians and I'd like to help them out a little if I can. But every man is entitled to his privacy. But I would, though, like to ask you one thing.

Rabbit: Okay.

White man: No, an Indian is entitled to his privacy. But I would like to ask you one thing. But first look at this. We always find these things a good way to break the ice. It's a fountain pen. Actually a ball point. Look, you see the dressed woman on the side of the pen? Now, when I turn the pen upside down she is actually undressed. It's a fluid hydraulic principle. It demonstrates our bypass valve. This pen has little value in itself, actually a joke, but we like to think it demonstrates in a visual sell the value built into our rocket product. Do you dislike us, eh? I don't think you do. I tell you, I'll send you one. I don't have an extra with me. Or would you rather I didn't?

Rabbit: Okay.

White man: I've got a pretty good one. I went into the Albuquerque Hilton for a room and the desk clerk asked if I had a reservation and I said, Jesus no, what do you take me for — an Indian? You can take a joke. I think you like us okay. All right, but do you know I've got a suspicion. Do you mind if I tell it to you? I guess I'm a queer bird, but do you mind if I ask it of you?

Rabbit: Okay.

White man: Do you hate us?

Rabbit: Okay.

White man: By Jupiter, I thought so! I always thought so. By Nike, I thought so. I said to Herbert — actually it was my wife — I said, by God there's a challenge. There's something worth failing at. Find out if these Indians really hate us. The superior way they act and everything, like as though they were kind of kings, like as though they were better than the rest of us. With their goddamn aloof dignity like they hate us. As I told my wife, actually it was Herbert I think — what difference does it make? I've succeeded. I'm being successful, by Jupiter, in finding out — thank you, Bill — what I came to find out. Those Indians hate us!

AS I promised I will insert again what I put at the beginning. A man is unhappy when his experiences do not accord with his values. He is very unhappy when his values are no challenge. He is happy when he does the impossible and most happy when his failures (as the bypass valve is) are grand failures, maintaining all of his arrogance, demonstrating none of the wan humility and false generosity that society demands of success. Ask any Indian. It has been my experience, living here on the edge of their reservation, that they will say, "Okay."

WILLIAM EASTLAKE has been writing for years about cowboys, Indians and the Southwest. His latest novel is The Bronc People *(Harcourt, Brace).*

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A Visit with Pasternak

Ralph E. Matlaw

ONE DAY last June I went to speak to Boris Pasternak. A twenty-minute train ride through an area of truck farms, small factories and grazing goats brings one to Peredelkino, a village about ten miles outside Moscow. It is distinguished from other local stops by its pleasant scenery and, more important, by a writers' colony located along one side of the village and an adjacent row of four or five large private houses populated by Pasternak, Konstantin Fedin and other luminaries of Soviet literature.

My visit was prompted by a search for answers to two critical problems stemming from my reading of *Doctor Zhivago*. The first is that of symbols and symbolic juxtaposition, for *Doctor Zhivago* is primarily shaped by images, and images, particularly when they are recurrent, have a way of turning into symbols and symbolic schemes. Among the more obvious ones are those of light and illumination, of the window, of the elements (rain, snow, wind, etc.), of signposts, of trains and communication, of Christ parallels (the flight into Egypt at the beginning, the road to Calvary at the end, and the heavy beam picked up by Zhivago on the night of the Revolution mark the main stages). Edmund Wilson's article in *The Nation* of April 25, 1959, was the first published analysis of the book to illustrate that there is a persistent pattern of meanings attached to Pasternak's images. The patterns themselves are yet to be elaborated, but I thought it important to learn to what extent these images were consciously exploited and manipulated by the author, for this would also imply answers to other aspects of design and craftsmanship.

The second problem concerns "The Poems of Yuri Zhivago." Are they really the creations of a fictional character, helping to define him, his experiences, views and aspirations; are they the distillate of the novel's themes, established by the inner logic of the book and in turn establishing its ultimate meaning? Or are they poems by Boris Pasternak? In either case they will also suggest the delicate problems of precedence and meaning: were they written first, and the book adapted to their demands? Or did they grow out of the book? Or was there perhaps a constant interchange and adjustment of one to the other? Before leaving the United States, I had written to Pasternak, asking if he would consent to see me. His reply, indicating why it would be impossible for him to do so, still has not reached me.

A series of minor irritations — a missed train, a change in the schedule requiring a delay at the station before Peredelkino, a wrong turn in the road — had the fortunate result that I turned into Pasternak's driveway just as he was coming out of his house to sign for mail. Pasternak explained to me that he was not supposed to talk to foreigners, but in the end kindly consented to answer a few questions on his art. For the better part of an hour we talked about this and related matters. So much has already been written about the setting in which Pasternak lives and about his personal charm and verve, that my own impressions and aspects of the conversation other than those reported here would add little to the available store of information. It should be noted, however, that while Pasternak very hospitably chose to speak English, he switched to Russian several times, when absolute clarity and precision of meaning were necessary. I have not tried to translate these portions into an idiom approximating Pasternak's English.

PASTERNAK began by saying that he was glad the excitement about the novel and the Nobel Prize had taken place, not because it made his novel better known, but because the way it had all come about illustrated his own fundamental ideas and the conception of reality which he considers the central part of the novel. These he proceeded to expound with great care, repeatedly seeking to assure himself that I had understood him correctly.

"In the nineteenth-century masters of the novel, Balzac, Stendhal, Tolstoy, if you take away the characters and characterization, the imagery, description and so on, you still have left *causality*, the concept that an action has a consequence. Flaubert's style is the ultimate, merciless verdict on this nineteenth-century causality. For me reality lies not there, but in the multiplicity of the universe, in the large number of possibilities, in a kind of spirit of freedom, a coincidence of impulses and inspirations (not *religious* inspiration, just inspiration — *vdokhnovenie*). Even modern science and mathematics, about which I know little, or better, nothing, is moving in that direction, away from simple causality. Whatever happens, for example loss or destruction in nature or life, it is just one of many things that happen. There is always an enormous quantity of happenings. Nature is much richer in coincidences than is our imagination. If all these possibilities exist, reality must be the result of choice, of a choice deliberately made. Even in the novel, the totality of the work, the total conception, is important, not the details or the irrationality of details. I have frequently been asked about the coincidences in the book, particularly by young people of fifteen or sixteen, from whom I get many letters. Of course I made the coincidences on purpose, that *is* life, just as I purposely did not fully characterize the people in the book. For I wanted to get away from the idea of causality. The innovation of the book lies precisely in this conception of reality. It has nothing to do with Joyce. There is such a book (*knizhka*) Finnegan, isn't there?

"The article of Edmund Wilson is very good, he is very smart, but what he says about the symbolism of Meshchanskaya and Serebryannaya streets and the name Zhivago is just nonsense. I am an enemy of this kind of symbolism. That Lara is a foreigner just happened that way, it has no specific meaning, and the remarks about her and history are just not so. The name Zhivago has no special significance, it is just a name."

I remarked that while some of Wilson's interpretations (like all such symbolic interpretations) were occasionally fanciful, arbitrary, or even erroneous, I thought his reading was in the main correct and for me meaningful despite Pasternak's objection. He replied that of course everyone is free to write about the book and interpret it as he sees fit, and that that was good, but that he had not intended these meanings.

I objected that in other instances he seemed to use such effects; that windows are mentioned perhaps sixty times in the novel, and almost never merely as a

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descriptive detail. For example, when Zhivago looks out of the window in the stationary train when he first meets Strelnikov, he sees a human graveyard and a graveyard for old locomotives, while Strelnikov, at the end of the scene, looking out of the same window, does not see either. Was Pasternak aware of this? "Certainly," he answered, "there are several such organizing centers or principles in the book." But he seemed surprised and interested when I told him that only once does Zhivago open a window (in Moscow, to let out smoke), that he turns his back on the window when he begins to write poetry, that he sees Lara in the Yuriatin library only after the curtains have been drawn, that Lara's windows are whitewashed so that one cannot look out on the street. Pasternak maintained that none of these images was more than a description, and none was symbolic, but he was willing, if not eager, to entertain the idea, and asked if I took these incidents as indicators of an internal life in Zhivago, separate from the rest of the world. I did not want to limit the meaning to that single concept, as the images also imply something about the clarity, quality, adequacy, or completeness of vision and understanding, and elsewhere in the novel the images are associated with memory, personal loss and communication. Yet how else can the non-material, the past, the results of thought and emotion be apprehended save by turning inward? I cited the last moment of Zhivago's life when he tries to open the trolley window three times, pulling it up, down and toward himself, but not out. Pasternak became even more animated and quickly interjected, "Ah, you noticed that!" I concluded that while a great deal of symbolism in the novel is conscious, there is also much that is equally valid if not conscious or intentional, and that Pasternak's objections to Wilson's article may well be a negative application of the so-called "intentional fallacy," the notion that a work of art necessarily means what its creator intended it to mean.

A SIMILAR kind of ambiguity emerged while we discussed the poems in the novel. Since Pasternak had unhesitatingly identified as his own the various pronouncements of the character Yuri Zhivago, I asked whether the poems were not also his own. Pasternak replied: "During the six or seven years I was translating European classics, Goethe, Shakespeare and others, I wrote some poems from the point of view of a character. Because to write from one's own person in that era one would have had to be either nervously ill or a woman. Gradually these poems accumulated. Others were written while the book was in progress." Pasternak expressed interest in my comment that some of the poems, particularly the personal, sensual ones, were very similar in subject and manner to his earlier collection *The Waves* (*"Volny"*). In rephrasing the statement as a question for further discussion, he said "a continuation," but I insisted it was a "return" and reminded him that his wartime (and rather inferior) collection, *On Early Trains*, had intervened. He had forgotten that collection, but denied that he no longer liked the volume. Pasternak attributes the fact that there are no poems on art, and other cyclic peculiarities of the verse, to Zhivago's character. The choice of poems, presumably from a larger number, is controlled by the demands of the novel.

A further question involved the first three chapters of the novel, wherein there seemed to me to be a readily discernible pattern, a contrapuntal introduction of characters and themes, of images and procedures. To what extent was this planned? Pasternak said that as the novel was taking shape, that is, until he was sure about its scope, about the characters he liked and those he did not, about the good and bad, he wrote down certain things, impressions, scenes. "As in Stendhal," he said, "who wrote novels and impressions and diaries all at the same time." And when the conception jelled, this material was employed at the beginning. Hence the effect is different there than in the rest of the novel. Pasternak went on to say that for him the inchoate or the ugly can never be matter for art, that art is reserved for the beautiful. Only, perhaps, the ugly can be used for contrast, as in the figure of the lawyer Komarovsky.

Some of Pasternak's remarks had about them a sureness of statement that indicated previous formulation and probably previous use in correspondence or conversation. Other remarks on procedure seemed to me guarded, or at least reticent. But the flashes of interest in new questions and pleasure in the discovery of certain details, and finally the outright "And what do *you* think of the novel?" point to the thought, skill and love lavished on *Doctor Zhivago*. At the same time, they strongly suggest that its structural and symbolic ramifications, while consistent, far exceed Pasternak's conscious efforts.

SHORTLY before our talk had to end, Pasternak asked me what my impressions of Russia were so far. I replied that I constantly found myself trying to turn back the clock, to find out what streets and buildings had been called before, yet on the other hand wishing that, at the opera and theatre, productions were less antiquated and traditional. The name "Museum of the Revolution" meant nothing to me, but the fact that it was housed in what used to be the English Club at once established the significance of the building. Pasternak immediately came up with a *loci classici*, the use of the club in Griboyedov's *Woe from Wit* and in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. I mentioned that I had been to Tolstoy's Moscow house, and Pasternak of course remembered the house well from former days. It was somehow fitting that Tolstoy's name should have been brought up at the end of our talk, for it took place outside Pasternak's house in a setting comparable to that of the "Tree of Truth" under which Tolstoy used to receive visitors and pilgrims in Yasnaya Polyana.

Moontide Low

(A Wellfleet Calamity)

The blackfish moan like mothers bereft
Under the pulling, tourist moon tonight;
Along Lieutenant Island sand they lie.

Small blow-holes let their huge complaints;
And many tiny eyes, unlidded, try to tear.

In the bellowing dark the tons of bloated woe
Accuse the air with flop after dying flop;
The Selectmen will ferry bulldozers there
Because of The Season, but acres of flesh
Can clean out a thousand cottages, waste the July.

So a hundred tons of life go rank by the lipping tide,
Under the odorless moon in the stiffened air of night,
From which nothing, no hurricane, can ever erase
The loud stench, nor a landslide conceal the large pain.

CHARLES PHILBRICK

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Search for Power

TOP LEADERSHIP U.S.A. By Floyd Hunter. University of North Carolina Press. 268 pp. $6.

Leon Bramson

THE social sciences have arrived at an interesting crossroads in their history. Nathan Glazer has recently pointed out that empirical social research, a discipline which was developed to study the masses, is now being turned on the classes which sponsored it. The impulses which animated and directed such works as Charles Booth's *Life and Labour of the People in London* in the last two decades of the nineteenth century were variously humanitarian, uplifting, reformist and even Christian. Some of the early sociologists, like Booth and Friedrich Engels, had made fortunes in industry and may have suffered from bad conscience. In any case, times have changed. Presumably having absorbed the pessimistic message of European political sociologists from Pareto and Michels to Max Weber, American researchers are turning their attention from the masses to the elites. Nor has the social philosophy behind this research remained unchanged. While the studies of Booth and others served as documentation for Victorian moralizing on the condition of factory workers, contemporary sociological theory sometimes ends by justifying a particular power system on the ground that it is "functional."

At the end of the nineteenth century, a generation of theorists interested in reform dominated the field in America. They were succeeded, in the period between the wars, by a generation of fact-gathering empiricists who wanted to emancipate sociology from reformism and make it "scientific." Although subsequent reflection by contemporary sociologists has stressed a *rapprochement* through the emphasis on empirical study of more limited problems from a standpoint of "functionalism," the reform impulse is still strong and crops up repeatedly in the sociological literature. Floyd Hunter, Professor of Social Work at the University of North Carolina, has a difficult time in the present book because, as he reminds us, he comes out of the earlier tradition of reform in American sociology. This tradition, heavily influenced by Populism, Progressivism and the Social Gospel, is not easy to shake off. Much of the interest of the book is provided in his wrestling with the devil of functionalism: "I have determined to lay aside some of my preconceived notions as to the evil of power by saying to myself that power is exercised as a vital function of the social system, that it is necessary — not a necessary evil, but just plain necessary."

READERS will wonder whether there is a relation between Professor Hunter's book and C. Wright Mills's *The Power Elite*. Although I could find in it only one modest reference to Professor Mills's book, *Top Leadership U.S.A.* is clearly an attempt to test his leading hypothesis by empirical research. The idea of the existence of an interlocking elite of powerful men in business, politics and the military served Professor Mills as an assumption; it was not the result of empirical study. The author of *Top Leadership U.S.A.* had a very sensible idea. He decided to study the men at the highest levels of decision-making in the United States, and devised an ingenious scheme of questionnaires and ratings to determine who they were. It may have occurred to him that if there were a conspiracy of powerful men running the country, they would have been powerful enough to thwart the inquiry of a presumably powerless sociologist, and instead of agreeing to be interviewed, would have kicked him out of their offices. It is instructive that this last did not occur. Instead, Professor Hunter learned enough about these men to begin to understand their point of view. Like many American intellectuals he is fascinated by power and the powerful — and in the course of his study he found that the men who were universally designated (by other leaders) as being the most influential were in fact very able men. His first-hand observations (he gives the impression that a modern sociologist may find it necessary to travel as much as a modern Secretary of State) as well as his sociological functionalism told him that they were doing an enormous job. To accept this or dwell on it at length would, however, constitute a betrayal; and so Professor Hunter must wrestle the devil to a fall, and spring back to a position of suspicion, questioning whether his leaders "represented a conspiracy of interests bent on doing the nation out of its birthright."

Generally speaking, I think Professor Hunter's answer to the question of the existence of an interlocking directorate of American leadership is ambiguous. He has satisfied himself on one count: the one hundred men in the "inner circle" of American leadership know one another. That is not surprising. Beyond that, however, the results of his analysis are not decisive. His own point of view appears to be that the case for an interlocking directorate of decision-makers is plausible, and that something of the kind may come into play on certain issues, but that this will not guarantee the successful manipulation of policy. "During my trips across the country, I had reached a tentative conclusion that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find any one issue or public policy in which a majority of the top leaders I had been interviewing would be interested." Speaking of corporation leadership, Professor Hunter says: "Many of the

LEON BRAMSON has returned from a year spent in Holland as a Fulbright Scholar and is now a Resident Tutor and Teaching Fellow at Harvard. He is completing a history of American sociology.

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leaders seem actually to be rather timid and cautious, and one of my social science colleagues who has been studying top leadership in Boston thinks of the men he has been seeing as 'gutless.'" The image of American leadership suggested by such quotations is closer to that presented in Galbraith's notion of "countervailing power" and Riesman's "veto groups" than to the power elite of Mills. Nevertheless, Mills has apparently influenced the author by providing a badly emulated model for mood and style. There are occasional lapses into sensationalism in the manner of the exposé magazines, of which the book's title itself gives warning.

PROFESSOR HUNTER'S prose is opaque and spongy, salted with jargon ("materials that are the building-blocks of the action patterns of national policy-making groups"). This is unfortunate because he often has something interesting and important to convey. But his chief problem is his inability to reconcile the conflict between his reform background and the materials he has explored. At bottom this may be the failure to see the issue in terms of political theory, a subject which the author says he is willing to leave to others. If he had troubled to examine the political theories which are relevant to his research, he would never have penned the following confusing statement:

> To confess that another is socially better or stronger than oneself violates the egalitarian values in American society. The way must be left open for achievement and advancement for the able, who may reluctantly concede that at the moment a few have gone ahead of them but believe that, given time, they will prove their equality with the best. This is the American promise that men may freely achieve, and I believe that it must be fulfilled for the masses of the people and not just a few.

The author does not distinguish between egalitarianism and equality of opportunity: the first points to the ideal of a classless society made up of individuals of equal status, the second to an equal chance in the climb toward the upper rungs of a hierarchic social ladder. To have faced this problem would have meant a resolution of the tension between the reform tradition and functionalist sociology. But if this had been resolved, Professor Hunter might not have been able to offer us a book as rich as *Top Leadership U. S. A.*

Primer on Brecht

THE THEATRE OF BERTOLT BRECHT. By John Willett. New Directions. 272pp. $8.

Marc Blitzstein

BRECHT died in his native Germany in August, 1956, at the age of fifty-eight. Over a period of years his literary star has risen steadily, until it is now of the first power. He is possibly the sole figure in post-World War II literature to be welcomed and cherished on both sides of the Iron Curtain, with *Aufbau Verlag* and *Suhrkamp Verlag* as his faithful East and West German publishers. His poetic and dramatic works are being translated and performed everywhere; there have even been scuffles among poets, playwrights, publishers and producers in other countries and languages to get there first. Methuen Editions in England and New Directions in America will issue all his plays in suitable English at the rate of two volumes a year. It is said that no self-respecting young intellectual on either shore of the Atlantic would be caught dead without a copy of some Brecht under his arm. I remember Archibald MacLeish telling me in 1955 that his literary-composition students at Harvard were not much longer going to be satisfied with Rilke or Yeats, that the next one would probably be Brecht. Auden claims to have been influenced by Brecht's poetry. The "new" playwrights, Ionesco, Beckett, Duerrenmatt have made use of his "epic theatre" method, even when they excoriated his Marxian philosophy. Pirandello, Thornton Wilder and, to an extent, Tennessee Williams can all be said to have moved on parallel planes with him in breaking up the conventional drama of realistic illusion and insisting on theatre-as-theatre as against theatre-as-life. Brecht is clearly a major phenomenon of the literary century.

Some summary and study in English of Brecht's career have been needed. Considerable preliminary spadework has been done by Eric Bentley in his essays and in the prefaces to his "Modern Theatre Library" collection. There have also been numerous articles and reviews: by Becker, Gorelik, Nellhaus, Drew, Heinzheimer (the last two in connection

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with Brecht's famous collaboration with Kurt Weill on various musical pieces) and others. Now at last Methuen and New Directions have issued John Willett's *The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht* as an opening gun in their series. It is a very good primer: thorough and comprehensive in informational detail, and valuable as a start in terms of analysis and interpretation. Willett subtitles his book "A Study From Eight Aspects"; and the advantages of his scheme far outweigh the loss of a strictly chronological survey. (As a matter of fact, chronology is well taken care of in the opening pages, where, in place of a final appendix, all Brecht's works are arranged in temporal order, with concise plot-synopses and dates and places of publications and productions.) By going over Brecht's creative years eight times, with emphasis each time on a special aspect (subject matter, language, theatrical influences, theatrical practice, and so on), Willett manages to gather together and expose a surprising aggregate of the whole artist and the whole output.

BRECHT is poet, poet-dramatist, moralist, humorist-humanist. His philosophy, as well as his political outlook, moves from a kind of Dada-anarchism in the earlier works to a Marxian basic conviction in man's ultimate triumph over man's social conditioning. His theories, and the form that has grown out of them, are his most spectacular contribution; he has called them "epic theatre." This concept is daringly anti-Aristotelian; it rejects atmospheric or emotional persuasion, audience-involvement, audience-catharsis; it demands floodlit exploration, unsentimental demonstration, audience-estrangement, final audience-realization.

Set forth as a concept, this may seem forbiddingly cold; but so intense is the Brechtian energy, so varied the ingenuity, so deep the insight and compassion, and so unerring the sense of "*spass*" or human comedy, that in actual reading (and certainly in a good performance) the plays take on qualities of an intellectual circus. There are always placards, subtitling each scene; there are always songs and incidental music (used never for gluing or linking scenes, but as new statements); there is a great deal of pantomime (sometimes acrobatic) in the stage directions; there is, in short, a steady stream of different media, propelling the thought and meaning. Producing one of Brecht's plays demands an extraordinary versatility and a special concentration. So far only the *Berliner Ensemble*, which he founded, and which still carries on brilliantly at the *Theater am Schiffbauerdamm*, has done them complete justice.

There is much too much in Brecht to be swallowed in one gulp. Many books will be written on the many sides of his art. Meantime, the book by Willett has done an inestimable service in giving us a first total picture.

MARC BLITZSTEIN, playwright and composer, is the translator-adapter of Bertolt Brecht's The Threepenny Opera, *now entering its fifth year on the New York stage.*

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W. R. McGuire **Milligan College, Tenn.**

Down to the Self

THE CAVE. By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. 403 pp. $4.95.

Robert Hatch

ROBERT PENN WARREN'S sixth novel is a considerable work, richly characterized, livened with completely observed incident, strongly purposeful. The goal of life, it says, is self-knowledge: "Who am I?" Warren's men and women keep crying, and they are all — the good and the bad, the strong and the weak — sufficiently complex and developing personalities so that the answer is never easy or obvious. The cave, deep in the Tennessee limestone, where a man lies trapped and dying throughout the book, is a materialization of the center of consciousness which the individual must penetrate to find himself. Warren uses this device elegantly — it never hardens into a mechanical symbol, yet the beckoning, frightening great hole in the earth envelops the action and no one in the book is saved unless, actually or by the extension of imagination, he has braved its deepest passage.

Warren's Tennessee hill country, not at all far from Nashville, is a contemporary frontier that strangers to the area will, I think, have to take on trust. Not that it is excessively bizarre; rather, the relationship between town and back country, between the worlds of modern commerce and ancient husbandry, is too subtle a matter for outside judgment. This justified fusion of past and present gives his book the removed and heightened stature of fable that is one of the generic assets of contemporary Southern writing.

BUT though I respect the power, fervor and intelligence of *The Cave*, I cannot pretend to be attracted by the book. It is too possessive a novel — Warren guards and guides it so closely that the reader feels almost an intruder in a private rite. The organization is brilliant—through flashbacks and musings, simultaneous action and delayed explanation, the story unfolds like a brilliant, intricate flower. Every character is connected by precisely calculated strands to the heart of this fictional organism; no event, no gesture, no word is excessive and none is omitted. Properly — indeed inevitably — the deep emotional contacts of the novel are variations on the love equation. In these situations, Warren is the narrator of event, recorder of interior monologue and analyst of the drive beneath the mind. He is so completely creative that his reader is permitted no share of the

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work — and it is not possible to care about a character unless one has been put to some trouble to measure it.

Not having had to grapple with them, I cannot say whether or not the men and women of *The Cave* behave in ways appropriate to their nature. Toward the end of the book, I felt that the current of Warren's energetic imagination was more and more sweeping these people along to a pool of catharsis that he had determined must lie ahead. Perhaps, if it had been possible to shape my insights according to my degree of sensibility, I might acknowledge that they found their own ways by their own roads, but Warren is too anxiously instructive for any such intimacy to develop. And, though it may be true in life that to know all is to forgive all, in fiction to forgive all is to turn all gray. When a novelist enfolds all degrees of good and evil into one embrace of compassionate understanding, he risks pitching his book to a lofty amorality.

Despite the unmistakable humanity of its people, despite the critical and communicable nature of their joys and sorrows, despite a noble progress from the hot terrors of ignorance to the peace of knowledge, a coldness grips the book. I cannot recall that Warren's earlier novels gave this effect; on the contrary one plunged joyfully into the events of *Night Rider* and *All the King's Men*. Perhaps it is that in *The Cave* Warren shifts from the habits of men to the findings of his own heart, and he is solicitous that these be clearly framed and clearly understood. There would be high motive in that, but the nature of fiction is such that the reader cannot take hold of a novel until the author makes up his mind to let it go.

LETTER from TOKYO

Donald Richie

EVERY YEAR when the tourists come, there is much talk about the inadequacy of Tokyo's hotels: there are not enough of them and they are not large enough. When this occurs, other hotel owners point the finger of envious scorn at the Imperial Hotel.

The envy is natural enough. Built in 1922 and surviving both earthquakes and wars, it is *the* Tokyo hotel — to the capital of Japan what the Royal Danielli is to Venice, Claridges to London, the Ritz to Paris. The scorn, however, has basis other than jealousy.

What Frank Lloyd Wright was thinking of when he made it is not known, but as a hotel it has never been accounted a complete success. An ex-manager once remarked that it was born as a "joint production" between a Mr. Okura who ordered it "without knowing anything about a hotel" and Wright "who had no experience in hotel business."

At least one scholar has said that the inspiration was plainly the Cheops Pyramid, referring not to its outside — which is *lion couchant* — but to the inside with its endless corridors, its flights of pumice-stone stairs, its cubicle-like rooms, and the fact that almost no light penetrates from outside. For decades now there have been jokes about people lost in the labyrinth for days, weeks, months; messages found scrawled in blood in the basement galleries; lifeless, emaciated bodies propped against the wall in the left wing, third floor.

In addition, since Wright made the building *for* the Japanese, the rooms are tiny, the stairways are shallow, and the basement galleries (the "arcade") are so low-ceilinged that foreigners with unbumped heads are the exception. In the last two decades, however, the Japanese have grown. Now *they* trip on the stairs; they bump *their* heads. Though, to be sure, very few Japanese have ever been inside the Imperial, much less stayed there.

Then, like all buildings thirty-eight years old and never kept up, it is falling apart. There are cracks, the plumbing is a problem and, worst of all, the bed of mud upon which the hotel was built (thus "floating" it through the 1923 earthquake) is drying up. Now, seen from the outside, the building is sway-backed; inside, it more and more resembles a beached ocean liner.

The owners of the hotel, the Messrs. Inumaru, father and son, are fully aware of the state of things. Tetzu, the father, has said: "I wish people who want to keep it the way it is could see what shape the inside is in . . . the public rooms are fine, but the guest rooms. . . ." On the other hand, "I never said anything about demolishing the old building and I am not thinking of tearing it down now or in the future."

The reason for the statement is that the destruction of the Imperial Hotel has been in the air for some time. Ichiro Inumaru, the son, was even quoted as saying that it was to be pulled down, being "old and uneconomical." The apparent division of opinion between father and son soon blossomed into a full controversy which is still going on.

Recently the big-circulation *Yomiuri Shukan* ran a long feature about the pros and cons of destruction. The cons were handled by a professor of architecture; the pros, oddly enough, by an executive director of the hotel itself.

The architect made a somewhat unfortunate comparison to the Eternal City: "The old ruins of Rome are found in the heart of this modern city. They are there like a road sign of past civilization. . . ." He added, however, that

Song of the Hesitations

The moon is setting in the west
the hour near four o'clock
Temperature's down, wind is high
I'm walking toward the docks

Loose sheets of old newspapers whirl
above my head like gulls
are circling above the subway grates
are diving for the kill—

where I'm the fish in the empty street
that's caught below the wind
One newsprint bird tears at my cheek
another swoops behind

and wraps its rattling wings about
my frozen face with love
I read a headline on one wing
VISIONS THAT LED TO DEATH

And I *will* sing of Death and Love
But still I am not drunk enough
to dream us into Spring

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"if the hotel people should be too concerned with Wright's work, they would miss the bus for the 1964 Olympics."

The executive director demolishes the theory that doing away with the Imperial would destroy this "valley among the buildings" (which is what the Japanese call it) and "mar the beauty of our capital," but goes on to say that he doesn't really want it destroyed because foreigners like it so much, *but* if it keeps on sinking it will have to go. As with most Japanese pro-con discussions, the two participants change sides several times during the article.

Whether foreigners actually like the Imperial as much as all that is a moot point, though it does have its partisans. Miss Ann Baxter, granddaughter of the architect, has written: "It is a shame to tear down a true monument to the first exchange of creativity between Japan and America, East and West." Mrs. Wright has written: "One of the most disheartening things to Mr. Wright in the last months of his life was the fate of the Imperial Hotel."

What also particularly disheartened Frank Lloyd Wright was the Imperial annex (now called the New Imperial, the former Imperial having become the Old) opened about a year ago and occasioning a fierce interchange of letters between the elder architect and those responsible for the new building.

It is international-modern, a standard Hilton-type hotel with Howard Johnson trimmings. The arguments used against it have been in main that it is badly constructed (cracks are already appearing, but then they always do in Japan) and that it is the ultimate in *kitsch*. Indeed it is. The lobby alone, with its Takarazuka-type hangings, its marble veneer, its dumpy little beige seats, and all the fake *Japonaiserie*, is little short of breath-taking.

But the Old Imperial is also the ultimate in *kitsch*, with its pre-Aztec stonework, its "modernistic" oak-veneer seats, its leaded diamond-panes. It looks as though it were designed by William Morris and bound by hand in real calf by Elbert Hubbard. The difference is that when *kitsch* gets old enough it stops being *kitsch* — it becomes period. Too, the Old Imperial *kitsch* is absolutely original, nothing like it on the face of the earth; the New Imperial *kitsch* is absolutely international, you can find precisely the same thing in Miami or Cannes.

THE furor about the stability of the Old Imperial has brought on other criticisms, two often heard being that the service is bad and the staff insolent, and that it is too expensive. Actually the service is excellent and if the staff appears insolent (and it does), this is merely by comparison with service in other Japanese establishments. In America the attitude of the staff would be considered absolutely affectionate.

Also, by foreign standards, it is not expensive — there are many much, much more expensive Japanese-style inns in Japan. Its prices for twin-bed and bath run from $12 which is almost exactly what the Nikkatsu (an elegant establishment occupying the upper four stories of an even more centrally located building) costs. The other main downtown hotels are slightly less expensive. The Marunouchi, a very pleasant "English type" hotel costs $9 first class, and the Dai-Ichi, perhaps the most centrally located of all, costs from $6.50 to $8. There are, of course, literally hundreds of hotels costing less.

None of them, however, has the *éclat* of the Imperial, and it is perhaps this somewhat mystical quality — which has nothing whatever to do with accommodations — which has accounted for the popularity of the hotel, and its fame. What most Americans know about Japan may be readily encompassed by reference to cherry blossoms, Fuji, geisha, the Kamakura buddha and the Imperial. During the Occupation, when "Imperials" were falling left and right, when the Tokyo Imperial University had its name forcibly changed to Tokyo University, when the Imperial Theater was, for a brief season, called the Avenue A Theater, the Imperial Hotel was allowed its name unchallenged. Now that there is talk of dismantling, the foreigners have again joined the fray. Burton E. Martin, writing in *The English Mainichi* jokingly proposed founding a SPOI (Society for the Preservation of the Old Imperial) association, and was promptly deluged with letters, phone calls and telegrams. The preponderance of opinion was that such a *Japanese* monument should remain.

The Japanese, on the other hand, have never ceased to regard it as a palace of foreign culture. Though not one out of a hundred thousand (a most conservative estimate) has ever been inside, everyone knows about it, and approves.

Thus one hears foreign tourists saying: "Oh, how Japanese, how quaint." But I was taking a group of amateur *sumo* wrestlers from Yurakucho to Hibiya where they were to have an exhibition. There is a short cut through the hotel, from the side basement entrance, up through the lobby and out the front door, and since we were late I took it. Instantly a hush fell on the *sumo*. "Is it all right?" they kept asking, tiptoeing through the red-carpeted corridors, stopping to stand politely aside when foreigners appeared. Finally, one, looking around at the wonders of the lobby, said: "My, this is just like going abroad."

DONALD RICHIE, at present living in Tokyo and teaching at Waseda University, is the film critic for The Japan Times *and co-author of* The Japanese Film (*Tuttle*).

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If he was talking to a Lutheran,
He was for Protestantism.
If he was talking to a Catholic,
He was for Christianity.
If he was talking to a Jew,
He was for God.
If he was talking to a theosophist,
He was for religion.
If he was talking to an agnostic,
He was for scientific caution.
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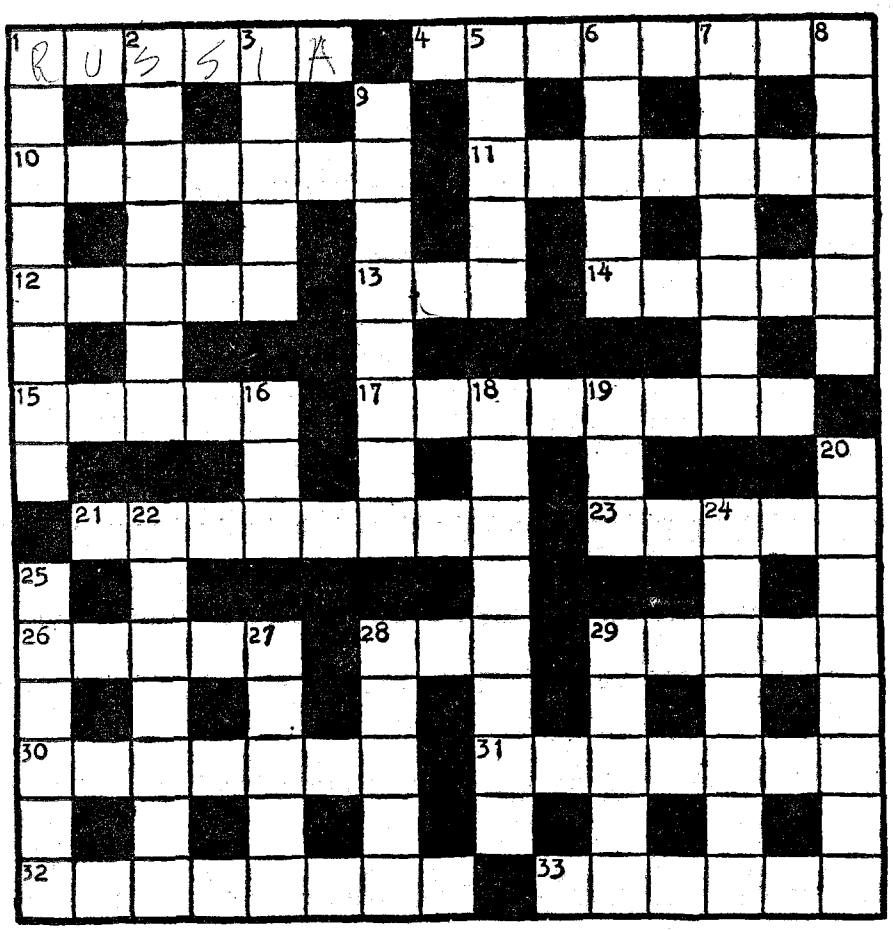
Crossword Puzzle No. 833

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The one with a hammer and another tool in the middle? (6)
4 People who wear them in summer? (8)
10, 16 down 1 down, 5 down, 26, 25 down, 2? nd 28 across Where did the pro et have an appointment with the boss pilot? (7, 3, 3, 5, 3, 2, 2, 3, 6, 2, 3, 3)
11 Gave the first part of 5 down. (7)
12 Browning called to this after boot and saddle. (5)
13 The point of the left half, perhaps. (3)
14 Something used by the archer that is associated with a knife. (5)
15 There's no point to Schumann-Heink's first name, according to the fliers. (5)
17 Suggest M^2 or M^3. (8)
21 See 8 down
29 Melville's was of the sort associated with effort. (5)
30 Did Alice's type of lesson? (7)
31 Lemon and chrome, for example, affects the teeth. (7)
32 A real dodo of the old West. (8)
33 Something added in charge? Just the opposite, and goes on and on. (6)

DOWN:

2 Where some stenogs put gum to destroy the enemy? (7)
3 How to stand for what hecklers get out of their victims. (5)
6 Unpleasant brace, in a way. (5)
7 When do we reach the benefactor there? (7)
8 and 21 More rue implied—however, more sage as well. (6, 3, 5)
9 Copper records? (8)
18 Left X and Beta, for example, in pictures. (8)
19 Court that takes up most of the forest. (3)
20 Checks about lines. (8)
22 Like the case that hasn't come up? (7)
24 Get a loan from 2 of 4, or 3 of 9? (Pine for a long one.) (7)
27 Duck down! (5)
28 In time, people should become correct. (5)
29 One who might fix squares to sound Presidential material. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 832

ACROSS: 1 Circumnavigable; 9 Incas; 10 Right half; 11 Niagara; 12 Theresa; 13 Yammers; 14 Lunatic; 16 Widower; 19 Samurai; 21 Lived in; 23 Manhole; 24 Oil colors; 25 Torte; 26 Speaking trumpet. DOWN: 1 Chimney swallows; 2 Reclaimed; 3 Upstate; 4 Normans; 5 Vegetal; 6 Gittern; 7 Brake; 15 Turboprop; 17 Wedlock; 18 Rangoon; 19 Samoset; 20 Manitou; 22 Valve.

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